

AT FIRST MANASSAS. The Capture of the Guns at Cub Run

A LETTER TO COLONEL JOHN SCOTT.

How " The Dying Soldier" Came to Be

PATHETIC STORY.

The Wisard of the Saddle-General Forest-His Ideas of War and How to Fight-A Charmed Life.

Charlottesville, Va., February 12, 1896. Colonel John Scott Warrenton, Va: My Dear Colonel,-On Monday I re ceived your letter of the 9th instant, with ur address to the Junior Albemarle Light-Horse and your report of the effective service of the old company at the First battle of Manassas, with Captain Rendolph's letter, as a companion-piece, and read them all with pleasure and in-

This morning I called on Captain Nelson, of our new company, and presented him, the papers, as you requested, but, after reading them aloud to him I begged the privilege of retaining them for a day or two, as I am anxious to read them to a few of my old comrades, who are living in town, before they are published, which Captain Nelson proposed to have done.

I hope you will pardon my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your communication, addressed to the Mayor of our city. These papers were handed me by a member of our camp, about a week with the request that I would attend to the matter. It was just at the commencement of the February term of our Circuit Court, when I was very busy, and could not give the subject the con-sideration and attention I desired, and which it deserved.

which it deserved.

I have not, however, been unmindful of my duty in the premises, for I have talked the matter over with several of my old comrades, whom I chanced to meet, and, so far, every one of them has substantially sustained Captain Randolph's letter and your report of the capture of the enemy's artillery at Cub Rup, and I am satisfied that your report and the letter are strictly and accurately

on cloud not give the subject the consideration and attention I desired, and which it deserved.

I have not, however, been unmindful of my duty in the premises, for I have talked the matter were with several or my old common to far, every one of them has substantially sustained Captain Randolph's letter and your report of the capture of the enemy's artillery at Cub Run, and I m satisfied that your report and the letter are strictly and accurately correct; though I am sorry to have to acknowledge that I was not one of the brave boys who followed the "White Bravelock" across the memorable stream on the barn at Camp Wigfal, when your worthy and galiant captain had the bravelock across the memorable stream on the barn at Camp Wigfal, when your worthy and galiant captain had the bravelock across the memorable stream on the barn at Camp Wigfal, when your worthy and galiant captain had the bravelock across and charged the line of infanty. Since I received your leate scross, and charged the line of infanty. Their recollection corresponds with the facts as stated in your report, and they all say that they saw no other cavalry in sight when you made the charge. I very well remember that the capture of the enemy's guas by the company was claimed after the battle by every officer and man in it.

INDESLIBET FIXED.

Many of the incidents of that day are indeliby fixed in my memory, and recently. I have been refreshing my recollection command was ordered forward from our position, near the Lewis House, Walkers Battery, which belonged to on the field, and opened fire on the retireating column of the enemy on the pilke, across Buil Run, and as well as I remember his first shot ploughed a gap in their ranks, I comid get very little general feel, and opened fire on the retire of the field, and opened fire on the retire of the field, and opened fire on the retire of the field, and opened fire on the retire of the field of the field and opened fire on the retire of the field, and opened fire on the retire of the field of the field went forward, I think in front of Kemper's Battery. Of course, as a private in the ranks, I could get very little general idea of the fight as it was going on; but an incident which occurred near a small frame house near the 'pike, which I remember very distinctly, makes me think I am right Some seven or eight of my company had been ordered forward as an advance guard. When we came to this house we found a number of Federals in and behind it. We ordered them to surrender, which they seemed very glad to do but one fellow did not throw down his gun as quickly as my compade, Pat Marshall, though he ought. Whereupon Pat raised his gun and tired, but missed his man. Just then you rode up, and drawing your pisto! said, red, but missed his man. Just then you rode up, and drawing your pisto! said, "I will shoot the first man who maitreals a prisoner," which scared my friend Pat more than the Federals had done.

Soon after the occurrence, when a number of prisoners were being sent to the rear from this point you moved our company from the road to the skirt of an adjace; wood, and then it was that Kemper's Baltery opened fire down the road on the retreating enemy.

on the retreating enemy.

ASKED FOR ASSISTANCE.

While we were drawn up to line on the edge of the word, fronting a small field, an intentry modifier approached our line and stated that Capatin Radford was darqurously wounded; that he had heard Capatin Seasi's name and asked that he world send some one to his assistance. For immediately ordered Dr. William Shackelforg, then a private in our company, and myself to go to Captain Radford. We found him near the edge of the woods, about two or three hutored yards from where our company was drawn up in line. As soon as Shackelford looked at him and saw how he was shot he said that Captain Radford could not live thirty minutes, and I think he was dead before we got him into the ambulance. He was the first may that I ever saw die, and I well remember his last words, "God have mercy on my dear wife and children." It was while Shackelford and I were with Captain Radford, I think, that you again started in pursuit of the enemy. This accounts, my dear Colonel, for my not being with you at Cub Run, and beyond it, which I am glad of, for I woold not like my old commander to thick me a laggard when such gallant work was being lone, under your dauntless leadership.

I secoll my service while under your ASKED FOR ASSISTANCE

seven of us on, across the Pocoquon. It was when you sent our horses back, and we footed it through the woods and fields to within a short distance of Alexandria and learned that the enemy were getting ready to advance. (They had advanced, and I procured a Baltimore Sun of that day, which, as soon as we returned to camp, was forwarded to General Beauregard.) On that scout, while resting under the shade of the trees. I know you taught me some history and much States' right's doctrine. That day at old Mr. Neviti's, where we were so kindly and hospitably entertained by the old people and their two beautiful daughters, has always been marked with a white stone in my memory; and I have often wished to read the novel which you promised the young iadies you would write, after the war, in which the scene was to be laid at and around Gunston Hall, and the fair damsels were to be the heroines of the story.

when I get a little leisure time I will When I get a little leisure time I will try to procure the statements of as many of the survivors of the od Light Horse as I can, in reference to the charge and capture at Cub Run, and forward them to you. Already I have seen three or four who have promised to come to my office: read your report and give me their recollections on the subject.

I have never read Colonel Munford's report, but I think my friend and neighbor, General Rosser, has the war series.

bor, General Rosser, has the war series, and I will borrow it and read his account. I will be glad to do anything that I can to aid in this matter. With best wishes for your health and happiness, believe me to be, very sincerely your friend,

"THE DYING SOLDIER."

How It Came to Be Written-Sketch

of Colonel Christie. Suffolk, Va., February 14, 1896. Having noticed the call for the repub lication of the poem entitled "The Dying Soldier," it gives me great pleasure to furnish your columns an exact copy of the pathetic composition, as it was orithe paintific composition, as it was originally written by "Matilda," and sent by her to "Lizzie." I may add that I have obtained this copy from "Lizzie" herself, who is still living, and a resident of this place. Before I proceed to give an account of its origin, let us all read the poem over once more. Here it is:

The Dying Soldier.

(Affectionately inscribed to Lizzie A Christie.)

Christie.)

(Colonel Christie, of North Carolina, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to Winchester, Va., where he was nursed tenderly until the death. He longed to see his young wife, his darling Lizzle, but when she reached Winchester he was dead. His last words were: "Kiss me for Lizzle."

"The bravest are the tenderest:

'The bravest are the tenderest; The loving are the daring."

I am dying; is she coming? Throw the window open wide. Is she coming? Oh, I love her more than

SKETCH OF COLONEL CHRISTIE. SKETCH OF COLONEL CHRISTIE.

Daniel Harvey Christie was born in Frederick county, Va., in March, 1833. When quite a young man he went to Heathsville, Northumberland county, Va., to reside, Here he met Rev. Robert B. Thompson, a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, who afterwards induced him to settle in Nansemond county. Being an Asaph, with a charming voice that swayed the multitudes who heard him sing, he was soon led to organty. Being an Asaph, with a charming voice that swayed the multitudes who heard him sing, he was soon led to organize and instruct classes in vocal music in the latter county. While thus engaged he met Miss Lizzie A. Norfleet, in Suffolk, to whom, having wen her hand and heart, he was married on the 22d day of November, 1855. During the first two years succeeding his marriage he lived in Norfolk, Va., where he was engaged in the commission business. From Norfolk he wert with his family, in 1858, to reside in Henderson, N. C., where he conducted a military school until 1860, when he returned to Suffolk for a brief period. When the toesin of war was sounded in 1861 he was called by his North Carolina friends to the position of major of the Thirteenth North Carolina Infantry Regiment, which was organized at Weldon, N. C. Subsequently the regiment became the Twentythird, and Major Christie was made its colonel—a gallant regiment with a gallant, brave, and handsome colonel.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Having previously made for itself, under its intrepid leader, an envisible record
for daring and bravery, the regiment won
for itself fresh laurels at Gettysburg. In
the battle at the latter place Colonel
Christie was in the front in command of
Iverson's Brigade when he was shot
through the lungs. Though the ball was
extracted, the wound proved fatal a few
weeks afterwards at Winchester, where
he died at the residence of a Mrs. Smith,
who nursed him tenderly till the end
came.

Mrs. Christie, with her three children

had elapsed when she reached her destination. It was during this long week that Colonet Christic continued to sink slowly and longed to see his wife.

As the days passed by and she came not he would ask "Is she coming?" Mrs. Christic was relieved of some of her otherwise loneliness by the companionship of a lovely Christian woman. Mrs. Branch, from Savannah, Ga., who was going on a similar mission. Mrs. Christic remembered with grateful heart the loving care and sympathy of this noble woman. Upon her arrival at Winchester Mrs. Christic was met by two officers of her husband's regiment—Dr. Vines E. Turner, the adjutant, now living at Raleigh, and Captain James Johnson, of Charlotte, N. C.—who had remained at Winchester several days to meet her. Their countenances indicated unmistakably sad news for her, and she at once implored them tell it all, her suspense being extremely painful. The first to speak was Dr. Turner, her husband's dearest friend, who, with tears in his eyes and tremulous voice, could only say "He is no more."

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye mark Our coming, and look brighter when we

come."
but fate had decreed that it should be otherwise in this case, for his eyes had been closed in death. He had died Fri day morning, July 17, 1863, just two days before her arrival.

THE BURIAL.

As the sun sank slowly to rest behind the hills the next evening he was buried with military honors in the City Ceme-tery, whence his remains were shortly afterward removed to Stonewall Cemeafterward removed to Stonewall Cemetery, where they have ever since reposed. Rev. William J. Hoge, the widow's felend and her much-loved tutor informer years conducted the funeral services. His feeling allusion at the grave to her and their association as teacher and pupil, and their lasting friendship, filled the eyes of the soldiers with floods of tears, and made the occasion a most tuching one to all present. a most touching one to all present. STILL LINGER.

During Mrs. Christie's brief stay in Winchester she was the guest of Mrs. Smith, in whose house Colonel Christie had lingered ten days, and finally died. Here Dr. Sears, the surgeon of the regiment; Bishop Wilmer, of the Protestant Episcopal church, and Dr. Hoge called to see her, and did much to comfort her. Their loving, Christian ministrations still linger in her memory, and will never fade.

ministrations still linger in her memory, and will never fade.

Mrs. Smith, a, kind, sweet friend, had tenderly nursed "the dying soldier," and was prepared to relate to his widow, his longing, to see her, his oft-repeated wishes that she would some ere he die; his fears, as the days passed by without her coming, that his wishes would not be gratified, and the loving messages he had left for her. Just before his death he called Mrs. Smith to his bedside, and bade her kiss him for Lizzle. With this request she willingly compiled, for she had learned, as she said, to love him as a brother. It is needless to add that Mrs. Smith hastened, as soon as she met Mrs. Christie, to give her this sacred kiss received from the lips of the dying soldier.

ceived from the lips of the dying sol-dier.

Mrs. Christie soon returned to Hender-son, and thence to Suffolk, her old home, where she has since resided. Be-fore she left Henderson the people of that place held a public meeting, and took steps to purchase and donate to her a house and lot in that place, on the single condition that she should re-side there as an expression of their side there, as an expression of their high appreciation of the services her husband had rendered his country; but she did not accept the gift, feeling that she could not do so, in view of the great distress of the times. The few members of Colonel Christie's

distress of the times.

The few members of Colonel Christie's regiment who survived the carnage at Gettysburg raised among themselves \$1.000 in Confederate money, and sent the same to Mrs. Christie as an expression of love for their late commander and sympathy for her. Though this gift was highly appreciated, she endeavored to return it, but without success, as it was impossible to reach the soldiers. She felt that their wants were greater than hers, and that they could not afford to do witout the money. Finding that she must retain it, she invested the money in the lot upon which she now resides in Suffolk. In her eyes, in view of the source from which the means came to enable her to purchase it 'his lot is a sacred and precious spot, as any one might well imagine it to be.

"MATILDA."

became the warm friend of Matilda C. Smiley, one of her schoolmates. Of Miss Smiley it could be truthfully said, "Poeta nascitur, non fit." She was born a poet. She had been sent to the institute to be educated by her friend or puardian, the late Rev. George W. Nolley, a minister of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. South. She wrote poetry with a great deal of ease, and soon became noted for her compositions. She had left school, married Mr. Alpheus Edwards, of Washington, D. C., and settled in that city. Here she lived at the time of Mrs. Christie's bereavement. Soon after the latter's return to Suffolk she told the whole story of her sorrow in a letter sat down and, with the information imparted by the letter, wrote "The Dying Soldier," which embodies sat down and, with the information imparted by the letter, wrote "The Dying Soldier," which embodies the thoughts suggested by Colonel Christie's last words, "Kiss me for Lizzie." The poem was first published in the Richmond Christian Advocate, in October, 1863, and has since appeared in a volume of southern poems, and frequently in newspapers. This, however, is the first time the full story of its origin has been published. Mrs. Edwards wrote and published her first volume of poems while she was a pupil at the Bucking-ham Institute, and afterwards became quite famous as a poet.

ham Institute, and afterwards became quite famous as a poet.

Strange to say, Mrs. Smith mentioned in this article and Mrs. Christie have never met or heard from each other since they parted. In July, 1883. If Mrs. Smith is now living in Winchester, or elsewhere, and wishes to experience the most joyous moment of her life, she should not delay to communicate with Mrs. Christie. Cannot some one in Winchester tell us something of Mrs. Smith?

should not delay to communicate with Mrs. Christie. Cannot some one in Winchester tell us something of Mrs. Smith?
Colonel Christie was a brave and faithful officer, and for gallantry at Chancellorsville was recommended by General Rodes for promotion. Had he lived a few weeks longer he would have been made a brigadier-general.

In May, 1894, the corner-stone of a monument in memory of the Confederate dead was laid in Raleigh, N. C. On that occasion, and upon the invitation of the committee in charge, Mrs. Christie was an honored guest, and occupied a seat on the stage with those who delivered the addresses. She was the special guest at that time of Mr. Chaudius B. Denson and Dr. Vines E. Turner, the adjutant of Colonel Christie's regiment. She was shown many courtestes, and received special attention, of which she loves to speak with the kindest remembrances and highest appreciation.

Two of Colonel Christie's children still survive. One of them, Harvey L. Christie, is a lawyer of distinction, residing in St. Louis. The other is the wife of William Eley, a merchant in Suffilk.

How touching and sad are many of the untold events of the late war, and

How touching and sad are many of the untold events of the late war, and how eager we shall all be to perpetuals them in print before they pass from memory! WILBUR J. KILBY.

THE WIZARD OF THE SADDLE.

(Memphis Scimitar.)
"The Campaign of Lieutenant-General "The Campaign of Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest." issued by General Thomas Jordan and J. P. Pryor, only three years after the closing scenes of this brilliant cavalry leader, was unavoidably full of errors, and very incomplete. It wit no doubt be gratifying news to all who "rode with Forrest" to learn that Dr. John A. Wyeth, the distinguished surgeon, close student, scholarly man, and ardent admirer of Forrest, is now writing a history of the "Wigard of the

Saddie." Dr. Wyeth is an Alabamian by birth, and when in his teens served as a private in the Fourth Alabama Cavalry, attached to Forrest's command. During his recent visit to Tennessee the Doctor was enthusiastic in his admiration of Forrest. He had prepared skeleton sheets of his proposed work, and sent them out to a number of officers and men who were close to this born leader from the beginning to the close of his remarkable career, with requests to append such observations and facts of their service as would be of material use in the compilation of such a work.

The first skeleton sheet contains the following description of Forrest:

"In the light of history there stands out in clear relief the figure of Lieutenant-General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the most remarkable man our cifil war developed, and the greatest fighter of which the world has an authentic record. Endowed with a physical frame which resisted fatigue and exposure, a muscular organization developed into athletic proportions by reason of the hard manual labor necessity compelled him to perform from the earliest years of boyhood until he was a man, he possessed that quality of mind which never entertained the fear of personal disaster, nor in the flurry of hand-to-hand combat, nor in the excitement or confusion of battle, lost for an instant the calm appreciation of what was transpiring. Quick to perceive in the rapidly-shifting scenes of battle the opportunity for a fatal blow, he struck as the lightning flashes, blinding and withering. Before his sudden onslaught the waver was rout; and in his tireless and unrelenting pursuit rout became panic. Without education, and absolutely without any knowledge of war gleaned from the study of what others had accomplished, he evolved and put into execution the tactles and the stratesy of the most famous generals in history."

In his terse phraseology: "The way to whip 'em is to get there first with the most men" ("Destruction and Reconstruction." General Richard Taylor, page 200, and although his greatest

his adversary. He realized the value of boldness, even when akin to rashness, and when possible he attacked, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. Once when discussing with an officer, a graduate of West Point, the question of how to fight cavalry to greatest advantage, he remarked: "I would give more for fifteen minutes of bulge than for three days of tactics" ("Life of Thomas Piatt and Boynton," page 599). When the enemy was about to charge, or was charging, his rule was to go at them at once. He knew that the excitement of a forward movement inspired even the timid with courage, while to stand in the open to receive the thundering onslaught of a cavalry charge was a severe test of the courage of the bravest and demoralizing to the timid. The offensive was to him an intuition; he waited not for opportunities, but created them. Moreover, he fought his artillery as if they were shotguns, charging right up to the opposing lines; their double-shotted contents at short range dealing demoralization, death, and destruction. Afthough his soldiers were called "mounted infantry" and "Forest's cavalry," they were neither infantry nor cavalry. There was not a bayonet in his command, and early in the war the sabre was discarded for the repeating pistol and carbine. They fought on horse or foot to suit the conditions.

It is probable that not a regiment he commanded could have a correct tactical manneuvre on foot in action, and beyond the formation by fours and the evolution into line for the charge, the cavalry manual was practically obsolete. With the men he led strict discipline was impossible, and yet they fought with the steadiness of trained veterans under the wonderful influence of one who inspired the timid with courage and the brave with the spirit of emulation.

He said: "War means fighting, and fighting means killing" ("Southern History Papers," Volume VII., page 454), and when the enemy were not hunting him he was hunting them. Ever in the thickest of the fray, it is a marvel that he lived to see the war en

from their mortal purpose. He was under fire on more than a hundred different oc-casions, and these include the bloody and notly-contested battles of Fort Donelson, spot. as any one might well imagine it to be.

"MATILDA."

It so happened that while Mrs. Christie was a young girl, and pupil at Buckingham county, Va., she met and became the warm friend of Matilda C. Smiley, one of her schoolmates. Of Smiley, one of her schoolmates. Of many of his enemy as Forrest." ("De-struction and Reconstruction.") His word of command as he led the charge, was: "Forward, men, and mix with them." ("Destruction and Reconstruction.") Though torn with bullets and hacked in Though torn with bullets and hacked In countiess places with the sabre, or hurled from his horse in the death-struggle of the melee, his life was spared to serve to the end of the cause, which no man better served than he. He cut his way from the ranks to a licutenant-generaishlp, from obscurity to fame.

The youngest among "Forrest men" are gray-haired veterans now, and many who survived those trying days have

who survived those trying days have answered the last roll-call, and their spirits are hovering with those who have gone before. It will not be many years before a "Forrest cavalryman" will be looked upon as a curiosity.

Virginia Should Pension Her Old To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I suppose my life was preserved through the war for some purpose, and that must be to tell the law-makers of Virginia

the war for some purpose, and that must be to tell the law-makers of Virginia that she owes every soldier she had in the late war a pension. I hope you will put this in shape to be printed in your paper, as you seem to be the best editor friend the old Rebs have in the State.

I saw in your issue of the 17th of January that our Governor was urging the Legislature to make an extra appropriation of \$16,000 for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home. I thank him heartily for it, but I want to know who will take any interest in those who don't want to go there, and at the same time can't make a living at their occupations. I know of a large number of this class, most of them being farmers, who have struggled hard since the war to have something to make themselves comfortable in old age. hard since the war to have something to make themselves comfortable in old age, and have not been able to do it. Most of them were compelled to labor with their hands (or what they had left of them) on account of not being able to get anything else to do. Some have worked the best they could with both arms having been shattered by bullets; some with severe flesh wounds, and all with highed constitutions. Now they are all getting old and unable to work, and if they could, they could not make a living by cuiti-

old and unable to work, and if they could, they could not make a living by cuitivating the lands of Virginia at the present prices of farm produce.

From what I have seen of the Soldiers' Home it is very little better than the common poorhouse, nor can I see why it is any more creditable to the State to make provision for her old soldiers in the home than it is in a common poorhouse. It is very wounding to their feelings to be compelled to go to either, although they might be entirely dependent on their friends for the actual necessities of life. Any man that had pride enough to endure what the Confederate soldier did, actuated only by a sense of duty, would be inclined to feel that General Grant would have been more merciful to him had he executed the usual sentence of treason on the fields of Appomattox.

Virginia justly owes every man she had

tence of treason on the fields of Appo-mattox.

Virginia justly owes every man she had in the field a pension of at least \$11 per mouth. Don't call it generosity, bounty, or anything but a just debt. She has been so very prosperous since the war, and is now paying extravagant salaries to all of her officers, making large appro-priations for nearly everything else that is called for, I don't see why she should plead inability when called on to pension her soldiers.

## The Daily Doings of a Hustling House!

are almost beyond the power of the press to describe. The

## MIIIFR & RHOADS

are such as win and retain your patronage and make you a life-long customer. Special sales are maugurated and goods passed over to you in these between-season months at prices beyond the reasoning of the uninitiated. The economical woman knows this and makes her cash stretch over a vast deal of merchandise.

lins, Nainsooks, Long Cloths, Cambrics, and Dimities for BABY. Then comes the Dainty Yokings, Lace Effects, Tuckings, All-Over Cambrics, Nainsooks, and Swiss. Then comes the Dainty Edges and Insertions in Valenciennes, Nainsooks, Jaconets, Cambries, and Torchon. Also, the New Beading Insertions. We carry the best assorted line of Laces and Embroideries in the city, and this special sale will interest all the ladies.

A Few Specials:

Heavy-Weight Lawn, 40 inches wide, Sher India Linen, 40 inches wide, 10c. Pin-Striped Dimity, good value, 10c. Corded Pique, very cheap, 28-inch, 10c. Figured Pique, small patterns, 27-inch,

124c. 40-inch Soft-Finish Nainsook, very sheer Plain Swiss, 30 inches wide, 15c.

46-inch Nainsook, sheer quality, for 25c.
46-inch French Nainsook, sheer quality, for 25c.
French Organdie, 67 inches wide, 33c.
42-inch Apronette, with 4 tucks, 29c.
CAMBRIC EMBROIDERIES. Thousands of yards ½ to 12 inches wide, 5 to 25c. a yard. SWISS EMBROIDERIES.

1 to 9 inches wide, 5 to 25c. a yard. Splendid assortment. NAINSOOK EDGINGS
AND INSERTIONS.
To match, 5 to 25c, a yard.
Full line of Colored Embroideries 1 to
4 inches wide, 5 to 11c, a yard.

GRASS LINEN INSERTION. In White and Tan, 1½ to 2½ inches wide, 15, 19, and 25c. a yard.

Cotton Bleached and Un-Sale, bleached Cottons and Sheetings from a yard wide to 90 inches will go pell-mell in to-morrow's Special Sale. We won't promise to duplicate prices, so you'll grasp the importance of being here to-morrow.

42-inch Pillow-Caning, good value, 10c. Pillow-Turbing, 42-inch, without scams, Pillow-Turbing, 45-inch, without seams

9-4 Bleached Sheeting, 20c. value, 18c.
10-4 Bleached Sheeting, 22c. value, 20c.
9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, 15c. value, 12½c.
10-4 Unbleached Sheeting, 15c. value, 12½c.
10-4 Unbleached Sheeting, 20c. value, 18c.
Pillow-Cases, good quality, 45x36, 19c.
Bolster-Cases, 42x72, 25c.
Sheets for single bed, 68x90, 45c.
Sheets for large bed, 81x36, 50c.
Sheets for large bed, 81x36, 50c.
Sheets for extra large bed, 90x30, 55c.

Linens. Not a day but we've something good to offer. Come to-morrow and see

Checked Dollies, 18c. a dozen.

Rieached Dollies, 39c. a dozen.

15-inch Dinner Napkins, 65c. a dozen.

Good Soft-Finished Huck Towels, over
a yard long, 19c.

2-3 for 1 3-3 yards All Pure Linen Huck
Towels for 12½c.

Fine Damask Towels, fancy colored borders, ½ yard wide, 11-8 yards long,
for 17c.

Extra Heavy Bath Towels for 19c.

53-inch Bleached Damask for 25c.

60-inch Bleached Damask for 25c.

Great Linen values thee—don't look for
duplicates.

Turkey-Red Table Damask, 15c.

duplicates.
Turkey-Red Table Damask, 15c.
8-4 2-yards-long Turkey-Red Covers, 50c.

Wash Goods. They constantly come and quickly go. These you'll find in our annex to-morrow:

100 pieces new Shirt-Waist Calicoes, the best sort, 5c. 100 pieces best Indigo-Blue Calicoes, 5c. New Percales, 3 1-3c. New Dress Ginghams, 5c. New Apron Ginghams, 5c. New Outings, 10c. New Tinsel Draperies, 8 1-3c.

Shirt-Waists. An early sale of LADIES' SHIRT-WAISTS-maybe a little early for wear, but not too early for money-saving purchases. We couldn't hope to duplicate this lot in May, so take advantage of the present sale.

of the present sale.

Ladies' Shirt-Waists, fine quality, Black Sateen Waist, with full front, newstyle yoke, full back, large puff aleeves, high turn-down collar—OPENING PRICE, 75c. Each.

Black and White Percale Waist, with full front, fancy yoke back, large puff sleeves, latest styles and deep cuff—OPENING PRICE, 50c. Each.

Blue and White Stripe Ladies' Waists, full front, full back, gathered on the new-style yoke, large sleeves, deep cuffs, with belt—OPENING PRICE. 75c. Each.

Blue and White Black and White Ladies' Waists, extra quality, full front and back, pointed yoke, large sleeves, with cuffs—OPENING PRICE. 39c. Each.

back, pointed yoke, large sleeves, with

OPENING PRICE, 39c. Each.

Laundered Shirt-Waists, choice styles,
assorted in fancy colors, Black, Blue,
and Red stripes, fancy-mixed patterns, in Red, Blue, and PinkOPENING PRICE, 50c. Each.

Ladles' Laundered Shirt-Waists, with the
latest standing turn-dewn collar, newstyle cuffs, in fancy Pink, Blue, and
Black stripe; also, Solid-Black grounds
with White pin stripes, and neat figures; also, in Blue grounds in different
designs of White figures and stripsOPENING PRICE, 75c. Each.

Special These are not to be had every day. Between seasons they bob up frequently.

Violet Buttermik Soap, 10c. a box of three cakes; 30c. a dozen, 4-Button Pearl-Color Kid Gloves, Black stitching, 50c.—dollar value, 4-Button Tan Kid Gloves, heavy Black stitching, 55c.—dollar value, Foster-Hook Kid Gloves, Tans and Browns, not all sizes, 64c.—sizes 5½, 5½, 6, 6%, 71-4, and 7½.

afford to indulge in such notions as those contained in some late resolutions adoption by some of the camps. If the North is willing to give back what belonged to us, let us accept it, and live in peace. I hope some one will come to our aid in this thing, and teach our cld mother, Virginia, her duty to her unfortunate sons who served her in one of the bloodiest wars of the century.

S. K. PERKINS.

Kent's Store, Va.

A raisin broth acceptable to an invalid is made by boiling one pound of raisins slowly in plenty of water for an hour. Strain and return to the fire. Add a small plece of butter, and thicken with corn-starch, moistened with cold water. Grate in a quarter of a nutmeg, and season with a tablespoonful of brandy or two of wine. Swecten to taste, and serve hot, with a toasted cracker. Raisins are known to be nourishing and stimulating,

is the story as the special sale progresses. These for to-mor-

White What a SEA of Goods. STUFF—piles upon piles of soft, fluffy Muslins, Nainsooks, Long Cloths, each day, and better sale results thers' Friend" and "The Double



LADIES' GOWNS.

LADIES' GOWNS.

Ladies' Gowns, of fine cambric, wide sallor collar, trimmed with Hamburg insertion, large, full sleeves, trimmed cuffs, pearl buttons, \$1.

Ladies' Gowns, fine plaited yoke; ruffle of cambric, edged with Hamburg insertion, full sleeves, \$1.35.

Ladies' Gowns; made of extra good musilin, pointed yoke, wide bretelles of cambric over shoulders, with insertion, neat edge of embroidery around neck and sleeves, \$1.50.

Ladies' Fine Muslin Gowns; large sailor collar, edged with Irish-point embroidery; high, full sleeves, finished at hand with cluster of plaits, \$1.55.

Ladies' Gowns, of finely finished muslin, Empire style; large sailor collars, edged with open embroidery, large sleeves, finished at hand with open embroidery \$1.55.



LADIES' SKIRTS. Ladies' Good, Strong Muslin Skirts, ruffle siged with machine-tucker lace, 37%c.
Ladies' Skirts of good muslin, ruffle of cambric, with three plaits on and above ruffle, 50c.
Ladies' Skirts, with full ruffle of cambrid



o, 4200 (same as cut). Ladies' Fin Muslin Drawers, embroidered ruffle Hamburg insertion between cluster of plaits above ruffle, yoke band, 50c LADIES' DRAWERS.

Ladies' Good Muslin Drawers, deep hem and plaits, 25c. Ladies' Heavy Muslin Drawers, plaits and Hamburg ruffle, 25c.
Ladies' Heavy Muslin Drawers, cambric
ruffle, edged with beading, five pialtu
above ruffle yoke band, 25c.
Ladies' Fine Muslin Drawers, wide ruffle
of open embroidery, wide and narrow
plaits above ruffle, 50c.

Hosiery. Again we bring you BARGAINS! Hosiery is one of our "pet" depart ments. We import our stock direct from Saxony, and save you from 5 to 15 cents a pair on every pair of Imported Hose you buy. We sell Full Regular-Made Seamless Imported Hose at 121/2c. a pair for Ladies. Misses, Children, Boys, and Men. and guarantee the dye to be absolutely stainless.

Solutely stainless.

Misses' Fine Ribbed Black Hose, Louis Hermsdorf dye, French spliced heel and toe, double knee, sizes 6 to \$\frac{1}{2}\$, 10c. Boys' Heavy, Fine Ribbed School-Hose, XX, quality, Ipswich dye, double heel and toe, sizes 6 to \$\frac{1}{2}\$, 12\frac{1}{2}\$c.

Boys' Iron Framed Hose, Albion dye, double heel and toe, with extra heavy double knees, sizes 7 to 10; price \$\frac{1}{2}\$c. A finer quality for girls, Hermsdorf dye, double knees, heel, and toe, our leader for \$\frac{1}{2}\$c.—sizes 5 to \$\frac{9}{2}\$. Ladies' Plain Hermsdorf Hose, splical heel and toe, soft finish, three pairs for \$\frac{1}{2}\$c.—if \$\frac{1}{2}\$c.—Black Hose, drop-stitch from top to toe, for 17c.; also, Tan, in same guality.

A full line of Ladies' Drop-Stitched Fancy-Top and Black Boot Hose, in Cotton, Lisle, and Silk, \$\frac{1}{2}\$c.



Stocking Supporters, Drawers, Pants or Kill

On the "Mothers' Friend" all the buttons are on belting tape and can be removed in one minute before putting the waist in the laundry. Every mother knows what a nuisance it is to launder and iron a waist with buttons attached. On the "Dou-ble Ve" Waist the buttons are fastened to tapes through button holes, and the suspender or buttons on the back are attached to elastic tape acting as a suspender. All buttons can be removed in a moment. A trial will convince you that these are the only Waists worth having.

Stationery.

BASEMENT-CENTRE AISLE.
Star Linen, Ruled or Plain, Octavo or
Note size, 15c. a pound.
Envelopes to match, 5c. a package.
THE LATEST FAD.

THE LATEST FAD.

Azure Blue Linen Paper, Plain, 2c. pack of five quiree.

Envelopes to match, 7c. a package.
600-page School Pads for the pencil, i each. Good paper-ruled or plain.
Composition-Books, 2, 2, and 4c. each.

Basement To-day we place Specials. on sale a large lot first-quality White Granite Table and Toilet Ware at Special Prices.

white Granite 8-inch Flat-Dishes, 19c.
each.
White Granite 7-inch Bakers, 12c. each.
TOILET WARE.
White Granite Open Slop-Jars, 69c. each.
Ewers and Basins, 75c. set.
Soap-Blabs, 5c. each.
Soap-Dishes, 19c. each.
Mouth Ewers, 125c. each.
Mouth Ewers, 125c. each.
SMALL WARES.
Reflecta Pollsh, for gold, sliver, brass, all metals, and glass, 19c. a box.
Children's Knife Sets, 3-piece-knife, fork, and spoon, 24 to 15c. the set.
Fruit Banks, 5c. each.
One quart Chinese Liquid Bluing, 19c. a bottle.
Whisk-Brooms, 5c. each.

One quart Chinese Liquid Bluing, 10c. 2 bottle.
Whisk-Brooms, 5c. each.
Chamois Window Mops, 5c. each.
3-String Carpet Brooms, 12½c. each.
Cocoa Mats, at 38c., from 5sc.
1-pint Agate Cups, 9c. each.
2-pint Tin Coffee or Tea Pots, 5c. each.
Hard-Wood Tooth-Picks, 2 packages, 5c.
Lunch Baskets, good large size, 25c.—
special value.
Surprise Egg Whips, 2c. each.
Box Nutmey-Grater, 1c. each.
Heather Sink Brush, 3c. each.
Aluminum Tea Strainers, 10c. each.
Soup-Strainers, 2c. each.
Dish-Mops, 3c. each.
3-piece Banded Toilet-Sets, Japanned,
for St.

3-piece Banded Toilet-Sets, Japanned, for \$1. Cuspadores, 19c., worth 15c. Solid Brass Banquet Lamps, complete,

(Second Floor) Bargain Tables.

Four bargain tables on our second floor.

One Contains

Remnants of every description, and we'll sell them to-morrow at a special discount

10 PER CENT.

from the already low prices. (This is for one day only.)
Other tables contain Odds and Ends from various departmentsbroken lots and sizes that we no longer have full lines of and we're next to giving these away.

and the broth is both palatable and useful. An elegant theatre-dress was of black net, spangled with steel, with bodies of silk cashmere, covered with steel spangles, a front of pink chiffon, embrodered, and waistband to match the bodies; an elegant pelerine of white that the covered with cream lace, and finished, with sealskin tabs, falling all frond, was intended to wear with the